

THE TRIBUNE.

ANGEL'S VISITS.

BY AUGUSTUS PROCTOR.

Vice triumphs; Virtue fails;

Justice is claimed by Error's sons;

Evil with cunning Truth appals,

And moral Chaos wild and strong,

Rules the day, and Throned of Wrong!

Thus madly unto Earth

The wretch forlorn cries out,—

From home and ease;—from conscious worth—

By human customs which have staled

Him and his poverty a thing defiled!

Health's household gods do stand

Within their niches like the dead;

The poet's by no living words;

Enchanted by no loving songs;

They shiver 'neath the oppressive hand of Wrong!

Many the sighs and tears

Which from the children, Earth, are drawn;

Like clouds above the stream of years

They travel with its current;

And meet beneath no morning's flashing dawn!

Wrong! 'tis a Tyrant sprung

From human weakness, left, depraved,

And feeding on its once weak young,

Till like a giant, it hath waded

A bloody standard o'er a world enslaved!

But Evil hath a bound;

And Truth o'erthrusts itself shall right;

Vice off by mightless men is crowned;

But lo! it withers in its might,

And creeps, confounded, in the dazzling light!

Judge not so harshly, thou;

Thou seest not how the evil here;

Is there no Good? Look round thee now!

See Virtue, Beauty, Love appear,

And smiling as if Earth contained no fear!

The Angel's days are yet!

Not with the Patriarchs did they flee,

And Earth-born virtues all forgot;

Yet do they wander far and free,

Laden with blessings pure for thee and me!

None are in joys so poor,

But that a blessed hour will come,

Bringing for many a soul,—

Lighting the Precious's fumes, gleam,

Strewing with flowers the pathway to the tomb.

From frozen Lapland's snows

To Southern Ocean's fairest isle;

Where'er a Spirit roams knows

Rapture will off the tear beguile,

And light the heart with Joy's angelic smile.

Hope—its fulfilling hour—

The Memories of other days,—

Come running with ecstatic power,

And as on Angel's pinions rare,

The wandering Spirit from its darkened ways;

The beautiful,—the young,

Who with their sunless spirit fill

Earth's shades with light are full

Do they not blossom joyous?

And glimmers of a fairer world reveal?

God's angels off are seen

Smiling among us pure and fair

With human frames, but souls serene

As Heaven's holy spirit arts

Smoothing the wrinkles from the brow of Care.

So thou, Aglain, art

Angel, mine; whose soft control

With blossoms pure hath filled my heart;

Whose scrap-sweetness fondly stole,

With joy melodious on my raptured soul!

No—let us not despair,

While such a noble kindle Life;

For Earth is not of blessings bare,

While Beauty, Innocence are rare,

And Truth, at length, is victor in this strife!

Norfolk, N. Y.

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